smoking in the white Pacific surges . . . the sweet land of Papara. . . ."

We sleep the following night at Neaa's. I like Neaa—N-e-a-a, please. He is perhaps more Tahitian than anyone else I know in Tahiti, and for that reason I am associating him with Rari, but for all that there is white blood in his veins. Also I suspect he is Tahitian because it is a good role, played well. God knows I do not say that unkindly, for Neaa has always been generous and courteous to me and I am quite convinced that he loves the memory of the old days and is sore at their passing. He is determined to keep what he can of life, and you live at his place very much as they lived those fourteen years ago. Or perhaps I should say you could do, six months ago.

All his buildings are thatched and bamboo, all his cooking is done native-fashion, and he allows himself to* be imposed upon by poor whites rather

than forget the tradition of old hospitable Tahiti. Such crab and lobster and raw fish and *varroo* as Neaa can give you! You can sleep in a native hut on the point with the lagoon murmuring beneath you, and watch the stars through the